

Amanda, they have just left the Castle, for their own seat in Devonshire; but his young brother, my dear pupil, is with him, Lord Arthur Clarendon, a fine boy of eight years; he will soon show you all the beauties of the place," continued Mr. Martyn to Amy, who, as she listened to his mild bland voice and met his benignant gaze, felt her confidence return, and thought within herself. "Oh! that I had such a father."

The parting between Mrs. Somerville and her interesting charge, was accompanied by many tears and embraces. All letters were to be addressed to the Earl, and it was hoped that in a few weeks they would meet again—yet, even this reflection did not seem to lessen the pain they both experienced. At length, Mr. Martyn drew Amy gently away, and almost lifted her into the carriage, followed by the faithful Ursula, who, as they drove rapidly from the gloomy abode, offered up a silent prayer of gratitude for the protection and happier prospects which had opened on her beloved young lady.

The whole party continued silent until they entered the great gates of the castle, over a drawbridge, when the magnificent pile of building which appeared, called forth a youthful exclamation of delight from Amy, as she gazed on its fine gothic architecture; the lawns, the shrubberies, the stupendous avenues of noble elms were perfectly enchanting—and what rendered the scene still more perfect, was a fine lake, from which a sparkling fountain arose, and fell into a marble basin at its base.

As they drove up to the door, they found the Earl waiting to receive them, and at his side stood his young brother, a beautiful boy, who looked all eagerness on their approach. The Earl assisted Amy to alight, and led her into the hall, which was lined with servants.

An elderly gentlewoman came forward from the group, who the Earl introduced as Mrs. Bennet. With much consideration, Amy was at once conducted by this respectable person to the apartments prepared for her reception, and shown into a beautiful boudoir, which adjoined the bed-room, where she was left alone with Ursula, to recover herself, until the hour of dinner.

From the windows of this sanctum, a most luxuriant prospect met their eye, while the doors of stained glass, opening on a balcony, filled with choice plants, lent a chastened light within, which was very pleasing. The room was most tastefully furnished, and from the books lying on the table which appeared to have been particularly selected, it was evident that her noble host had taken an interest in its arrangements.

"Well, my dear young lady," said Ursula, gazing delightedly around her, you have at length anchored in a fair haven; here at least you may rest in peace."

"Ah, dear Ursula, can I feel happy," replied Amy, "when I have left my kind, my beloved mamma, to buffet with the storm?"

"Nay, do not be uneasy for Mrs. Somerville; she is relieved from the heavier anxiety of danger to you, and when she has completed the business which calls her to town, she will speedily rejoin you."

"And then, Ursula, whither are we bound? what home is in store for us, wanderers as we are; this is but a passing sunshine amidst tempestuous clouds."

"Be grateful for its light, while it shines, dear lady Amy, a kind Providence has watched over you this day—His ways are not straightened—be trustful of His care, His goodness and mercy."

"You are right, Ursula, you remind me of my duty; it were ungrateful indeed to yield to unfaithful fears now. How beautiful this is," continued Amy, as she sat down on a fauteuil near the window, and gazed without, "those fragrant plants remind me of my garden in Venice, the only pleasure I enjoyed there; music, flowers, and the song of birds, what happiness they confer on me."

As she spoke, the merry laugh of a youthful voice met her ear, and she started, "Oh that is a new sound to me," she cried clasping her hands, "and it trills on my heart."

"It is the Earl's young brother," said Ursula, looking over the balcony, "I see him running; ah, and there is the Earl himself following, he appears trying to recover something from him, he has caught him now, hark what happy merry voices."

"Ursula, is it not sad, that at my age they should sound so strange?" returned Amy, while a tear dimmed her eye.

"I trust they may henceforth be more familiar, my precious child," said Ursula affectionately, "I know not how it is, but something whispers me that bright days are nearer than you imagine, and that in this castle they will first shine upon you—cheer up then my dear lady, I must not have you seem the only moping, melancholy being amid so much happiness. Let me help you to dress, for already has the first bell rung."

Amy smiled as she suffered her faithful attendant to arrange her beautiful hair, whose rich fold in the form of a coronet, and the long ringlets falling nearly to her waist, required no other ornament to adorn her fair face and graceful figure—the only one she wore was the cross which Lord Blondville had noticed in the morning, and which was now attached to a string of pearls. This important task completed, Amy selecting one of the books which had been left for her perusal, sat down to await a summons to the drawing-room, while Ursula busied herself in preparing her young lady's sleeping room, close to which was another she herself was to occupy. In a little time Amy had become so interested in what she was reading, that she did not at